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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair.

If it is true that Tom Reed desires to retire to private life, he will find the Vice-Presidency the most direct route.

The Indiana gentlemen who are going to St. Louis to look after Mr. Harrison's interests doubtless have a sinecure.

Mr. Platt's journey to St. Louis will not be in vain. He will be able to make a personal inspection of the cyclone ruins.

The colored brother may not be able to get into the St. Louis hotels, but he will doubtless get the usual mention in the St. Louis platform.

The silver men at St. Louis are becoming despondent. It is thought that a ballot just at present would give gold a majority of Hanna.

General Weyler might take advantage of the rainy season to water his stock stories of Spanish victories. Just at the present time they are rather hard to float.

Perhaps we should be thankful that Governor Morton did not see fit to go to Ohio, New Jersey or Rhode Island for members of the Greater New York Commission.

There are two very interesting color lines being drawn at St. Louis. One is between the white and black, and the other is between the white and yellow. The indications are that both of them will be straddled.

The glow of satisfaction which the country would naturally feel in the adjournment of Congress is chilled by reflection that the same Congress is to meet again in six months. However, let us not borrow trouble. We may be dead by that time.

Reform may have been slow in coming, but it has struck the police force hard at last. Commissioner Grant has abolished all references to "pants" in his revised regulations. If his ideas be adopted, as doubtless they will be, no more gents wearing pants will remain on the force, but every police gentleman will be correctly garbed in trousers. If the Anti-Tammany uprising of 1894 had accomplished nothing else it would have been worth its cost.

PEACE AT LAST.

We owe at least one acknowledgment to the Fifty-fourth Congress. It has cut the agony short. It has been many a year since any Congress has closed its long session as early as the 11th of June. And there never has been one in the whole history of the country that could have been better spared than the present one, at any stage of its career. Nothing in the life of this Congress becomes it like the leaving of it.

With the adjournment of Congress we shall have six months of comparative peace of mind, and that ought to be a tonic to business. It is true that there will be a Presidential campaign under way, and that is usually considered a disturbing influence. But the coming campaign is not to be an ordinary one. There are to be no uncertainties about it; no unseemly clashes of contending forces, with the policy of the nation dependent upon the result. The Hon. Marcus Aurelius Hanna has taken the country under his sovereign protection. Having already provided it with a President, he will fit it out with anything it may seem to need in the shape of a policy. Wall Street will not hang in breathless suspense during the next six months on the rumors from Washington. All it will have to do will be to get a tip from Hanna.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

There was a pitiful case in the Essex Market Court on Wednesday. A printer was accused of failing to support his wife and baby. The baby "looked like a skeleton," and its weeping mother declared that it was slowly dying for lack of nourishment. Magistrate Mott generously gave her a bill, and indignantly scored the delinquent husband as a scoundrel. The man protested that he was out of work. "That makes no difference," the Magistrate retorted. "I order you to furnish your wife with $5 a week, and to insure its payment I will order you held in bail to pay the money." Being unable to furnish bail the husband went to prison.

In this particular case the man who failed to support his family may have been a scoundrel, who remained idle and left his baby to starve because he liked to loaf. But there have been rumors of instances in which men have been unable to get work when they really wanted it. A judicial decision laying down the methods by which such people may support their families would fill a long felt want. According to Magistrate Mott, it "makes no difference" whether a man has any way of earning money or not. He must get it in some way or go to jail. Apparently he must beg it or steal it. The laws discourage both of these methods of acquisition, and it would be interesting to know which the courts considered preferable.

MAJOR M'KINLEY'S PROSPECTS.

Mr. "Joe" Manley having conceded the nomination of McKinley on the first ballot, there seems to be no reason why more disinterested persons should longer doubt it. To-day the St. Louis Convention is as good as over. Its nominee is practically nominated already. The point of uncertainty is moved forward four months, and the question is, "What of November?"

Being nominated, can McKinley be elected? There, as a certain melancholy Dane phrased it, is the rub. No politician in the United States to-day stands better with the people who vote. The city workingman and rural farmer see, or think they see, in McKinley a friend whose election to the Presidency will mean better wages and better prices. Their belief may not be justified, but it exists. The best proof of its existence is the easy triumph of McKinley in the struggle for the nomination—a triumph due no doubt in part to Mark Hanna's shrewdness and liberality, but chiefly to the widespread popularity of the candidate himself. Everywhere the name of McKinley has thrown down the self-appointed and hostile "bosses" even as the trumpets threw down the walls of Jericho.

In considering the final result of McKinley's nomination the question of the platform he will stand upon comes into play. Probably it will declare for sound money, for the maintenance of the existing single gold standard. Accept that as the hypothesis. In the East men who cling to present currency conditions will still look askance upon a Republican candidate whose record speak too eloquently of his readiness to espouse the cause of silver for any mere platform declaration to silence it. In the West and South, if there be a Democratic free silver candidate, there will be no votes cast for a Republican who has indorsed gold monometallism.

It is well to look the facts straight in the face. The very men who believe in McKinley and McKinleyism believe, too, in radical change in the currency system. It is the West and South that have forced his nomination against Platt, Quay and Manley. They who have been his strength before the convention will be his weakness in the campaign. Should the Republicans adopt a platform openly antagonistic to silver not less than six State delegations now friendly to McKinley will withdraw. Should they try to straddle the issue they will estrange both the free silver West and the golden East. Between two stools the candidate will fall to the ground.

It is apparent that the Democrats will put a free silver plank in their Chicago platform, and it is probable that thereupon the Populists will indorse the Democratic ticket. What, then, becomes of McKinley's Presidential hopes? New York, New Jersey, New England, Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota he may count as surely his, but the South will be solidly against him, the silvery West will oppose him, and Illinois, Indiana and even his own State will be problematical.

The year is one of political uncertainty. The issue has been diverted from that phase of public polity with which McKinley is most positively identified to one upon which his record is merely foggy. We may accept the undeniable fact that with the people he is to-day more widely popular than any Republican politician since Blaine in his best days, and still doubt gravely whether his election, even with the Democracy rent asunder, is matter of absolute certainty.

WILL THE PRESIDENT SPEAK?

Congress having adjourned, it seems pertinent to recall certain assertions recently made by friends and admirers of Grover Cleveland as to what he might do were conditions favorable.

The matter requiring action was—and is—the condition of affairs in Cuba. Americans believe that a war is being waged there. We read of pitched battles, we hear of burning villages, of men slain and women violated. The cable now and again brings word that Spain has dispatched a few more regiments or a new and more cruel general to the island, but with it usually comes the news that the Spanish Cabinet denies the existence of a state of war, and only admits the pernicious activity of a few Cuban banditti.

The American people disbelieve the Spanish Cabinet. Through their Congress they have already declared their conviction that a state of war exists in Cuba, and have demanded for the patriots belligerent rights. The President refused to give effect to the resolutions of Congress, but his friends have assured us that when Congress adjourned he would speak, forcefully and effectively.

Congress has adjourned. In the Cuban debate Mr. Grover Cleveland has the floor.

A QUADRENNIAL FARCE.

The little comedy of the hungry colored delegate has to be played out every four years. This year it was a trifle more prolonged than usual, but it is the same old farce, and now that every Republican politician who wants office for himself or favors for his friends has expressed in the newspapers his amazement and indignation that St. Louis hotel keepers will not house the negro delegates from the South the matter will doubtless be allowed to drop. The colored troops having starved nobly will now be stored away in sequestered boarding places, to be fed and kept until called for by Mark Hanna.

Racial antagonisms may not be intelligent, but they exist and are hard to overcome. The wise thing is to recognize them and proceed with full knowledge of their existence. The St. Louis innkeepers are not alone. Not all the constitutional amendments in the nation's history could get a party of colored delegates service in the Waldorf dining room, nor is it probable that the greatest exigencies of politics would make place for them in Mr. Mark Hanna's own comfortable home in Cleveland. To call the St. Louis hotel keepers hard names for merely yielding to a very general prejudice is hardly fair.

They manage this thing better in the South, where the negro is supposed to be cruelly abused, but where, in fact, his best friends abide. When Atlanta planned her great exposition of last year one of the first things done was to arrange for the accommodation of colored visitors to the city. The Republican National Committee has had experience enough to know that a like precaution ought to be taken when fixing the place of a national convention. But the politicians would rather expose the colored delegates to mortification and even to positive hardships in order that they may get a little cheap political capital by denouncing as narrow minded the innkeepers who refuse hospitality to the negro.

There is some solace in the announcement that Mr. Cleveland will not bolt the Democratic ticket this year in case his personal ideas do not obtain in the Chicago platform. Having been the Presidential nominee of the Democratic party for the past three times, covering a period of twelve years, it might be awkward, not to say indelicate, for the President to turn to the Republicans.

The Atlanta Constitution, the leading organ of the triumphant free silver majority in the South, takes this sanguine view of the situation: "It is now assured that the Chicago Convention will present the silver issue, unincumbered by phrases and qualifications. Let the Republican party as courageously take the other side, and the American people will pass such a verdict upon it in November that it will be generations before the question can arise to disturb the country again." That is encouraging. Of course, the Constitution would be prepared to accept the result with equal philosophy, and incidentally maintain silence for a few generations if the verdict should happen to be the other way.

"All things come to him that waits." The Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed has waited for a long time for a Democratic vote of thinks, but it has come at last. Yesterday, when the House was about to adjourn, Representative Turner (Dem.), of Georgia, moved the adoption of a resolution tendering the thanks of the body to Mr. Reed "for the ability, efficiency and strict impartiality with which he has discharged the arduous and responsible duties of his office during the present session of Congress." The resolution was "greeted with a round of applause, and was enthusiastically adopted by a standing vote." Quite a contrast to the scene on that October day of 1890 when the Democrats demanded the yeas and nays on a similar resolution, introduced by a Republican, and every Democratic member recorded his vote against extending a courtesy to the hated "tyrant" and "Czar."

The long-headed Dutchmen who control the policy of the South African Republic have settled the case of the Johannesburg prisoners with their usual astuteness. Oom Paul has made no mistakes thus far, and his diplomatic opponents have slim hopes of catching him in any hereafter. The sentences of the "reformers" have been commuted to fines of $125,000 each, with the alternative of fifteen years' banishment. If the prisoners choose to pay their fines and stay in the country, it is stipulated that they shall take no part in Transvaal politics. It is impossible to imagine a better solution of the difficulty. Bloodshed is bad form in modern politics, outside of Cuba. The Uitlander uprising was a money-making enterprise, and it is fitting that its participants should be punished through their pockets. A windfall of $600,000 will be better for the Boer Treasury than four dead prisoners or the cost of supporting four live ones in jail, and we may be sure that after the lesson they have received the liberated reformers will need no reminder of their promise not to take part in Transvaal politics.

Random Notes of Art and Artists.

At a recent sale in London two sketches in oil by Sir John Millais brought remarkable prices. One was the original first plan of "The Huguenot Lovers," which sold for $3,250, and the other the first sketch of "The Good Knight," which brought $4,500. Neither sketch was over 10½ by 14 inches. The artist's illness had something to do with the prices paid, no doubt.

Wilhelmina, the young Queen of Holland, is said to be an ardent admirer of things artistic and to have uncommon ability herself in sketching and painting. Her kingdom certainly offers many opportunities for an artist—the Queen's favorite subjects are said to be her own guards, whom she sketches and paints as they appear to her from her palace windows in the performance of their daily routine of duty.

What promises to be a discovery of considerable importance is that recently made by Dr. Richardson and party, of the American School of Archaeology. While engaged in archaeological research in Corinth they unearthed the ruins of an ancient theatre, and also discovered a key to the topography of the ancient city of Corinth.

English and French journals, with full illustrations of the season's exhibitions in London and Paris, are now to be had at the book stores and news stands, and very interesting they are, too. The Salon supplement of Figaro and the Royal Academy supplement to the Magazine of Art are noticeably attractive and complete.

Last week the Yale School of Fine Arts, at New Haven, held its twenty-seventh anniversary, and prizes were awarded at the assembly in the afternoon. In the evening Mr. E. H. Blashfield, president of the Society of American Artists, delivered the anniversary address.

Brooklyn will soon be changing its name from "City of Churches" to "City of Statues" if the present annual increase continues. A reproduction of the statue of General G. K. Warren on the Gettysburg battlefield is to be placed near the entrance of Prospect Park, which it will face, flanking the Soldiers' Arch. On the other side of the arch will be placed the proposed statue of General Slocum.

Mars and Apollo are at it in Washington, where the award of the General Sherman statue has stirred up a war of words between the two committees of the Sculpture Society and the Army of the Tennessee. The former committee, including such men as St. Gaudens, French and Bruce Price recommended that the models offered by Messrs. Bartlett, Rhind, Niehaus and Partridge be selected as best fulfilling all requirements. Mr. Partridge's model, however, was rejected by the Army Committee and replaced by that of Carl Rohl-Smith, of Chicago, whom the Sculpture Committee had second-rated. Thereupon the Sculpture Committee rose in wrath and have made public protest, and the matter is now more or less agitating public opinion.

Among war pictures few have stirred the blood of young and old so deeply as "The Roll Call After Battle," by Elizabeth Gardner, of Exeter, N. H., who is to be married to the famous French artist, Bouguereau, on June 22. The story of their atachment is a romantic one, and the engagement has been a long one. The Worcester Gazette says: "Miss Gardner has been for a long time in Paris, where she went first as a pupil of Bouguereau and subsequently gained much distinction. It is nineteen years ago since the attention of the great painter was attracted to the talented young woman. They became engaged, but no public announcement was made at the time, because Bouguereau's mother would not consent to her son marrying an American. But the lovers remained constant and the mother died recently. M. Bouguereau himself is seventy-two years old. He is a widower with a daughter and a son, both of whom favor their father's marriage. Miss Gardner has gained much distinction in her art. The Paris Salon presented her a gold medal in 1887. She is the first American woman to have won such an honor."

M. Munkacsy, the great Hungarian painter, who has lived so many years in Paris, is about to leave France and go back to Hungary to live—a land to which he has always remained loyal in thought and deed, and whose citizenship he has never renounced. During the twenty years of his residence in France Munkacsy has painted his greatest works, has gained fame and worldly possessions which include two studios and a residence in Paris filled with rare and precious objects. He will make his new home at Buda-Pesth. As he has never yet painted a picture dealing with a French subject, he intends by way of acknowledgment of all the courtesy and kindness he has received at the hands of the French to paint a large picture of some French historical subject as a farewell gift to the nation. Napoleon and Joan of Arc have both attracted him, but as yet he has not made his decision.

The London house of the late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, has lately been up at auction, but although previous to the day of sale thousands of curiosity seekers had visited the house, not a purchaser appeared. A question which now agitates the artistic world is what will become of the famous residence. A strong effort is being made to collect funds sufficient to purchase the whole establishment, including its art treasures, but there is only half-hearted response to the appeals of the committee, and the chances are small of holding together this valuable collection in its original setting.

Mr. R. Caton Woodville, whose work as an illustrator is familiar to many readers of British journals, has just painted and exhibited in London a picture that has created considerable of a sensation. He calls it "Jameson's Last Stand," and on a large canvas he has depicted the now famous action in the late trouble with the Boers. Mr. Woodville worked wholly from information and descriptions supplied to him by the officers and troopers now in London, who shared in the fight, and all agree that he has been most successful. The portraits of Dr. Jameson and the leading members of the British officers are said to be very faithful.

Admirers of the work of Vassilli Verestchagin, the great Russian artist, may revive the memories of the exhibition of his paintings, made in this city a few years ago by visiting the American Art Association's exhibition for the aid of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund and the Herald Free Ice Fund. Two large pictures by Verestchagin are there shown, and there are in addition a great numer of fine paintings by both home and foreign artists.

Putting It Mathematically.

[Cincinnati Star.]

If it takes Cleveland three months to say nothing on the Cuban situation, how long will it take him to say something?

Rochdale Co-Operation Wont Go in London.

London, June 3.—One of the most interesting papers read at the Co-operative Congress at Woolwich was that relating to "The Application of the Rochdale Principle of Co-operation to Populous Places." The writer was Mr. George Hawkins, a gentleman who was brought up as a compositor in a provincial printing office, but who now fills the important position of chairman of the Committee of the Co-operative Wholesale Society's London branch and secretary of the People's Co-operative Society. Mr. Hawkins in his paper admitted that the Rochdale principle of co-operation was not adapted to London or any large town, and quoted some startling statistics to show that, so far as it had been tried, it had proved an egregious failure. Mr. George Holyoake, one of the pioneers of co-operation, took exception to the conclusions, which he condemned as the abandonment of the Rochdale system. The statement that the Rochdale system had been tried in London and found wanting, he denounced as "disastrous" and "libelous," and a defamation of London.

In the face of these contrary opinions, held by men of acknowledged standing in the co-operative world, I endeavored to ascertain the exact position of affairs so far as the Rochdale system was concerned in London. With this object I visited the offices of the Co-operative Wholesale Society at their palatial buildings, in Leman street, Whitechapel, and succeeded in obtaining an interview with Mr. W. Openshaw, one of the founders of this mammoth enterprise, a shrewd man of business, and an earnest and enthusiastic co-operator. I asked him whether he was prepared to indorse the opinions expressed by Mr. Hawkins that the Rochdale system of co-operation, so far as London was concerned, was a failure.

"I am not," he said, "prepared to say that it is altogether a failure, but there is no doubt it is not so successful in London as in provincial towns. Some three or four years ago, in our paper—The Co-operative News—I endeavored to show why it did not take on here as it has done in other places. I am convinced the fleeting nature of the population has a great deal to do with it. You know in every great metropolitan city—at least that is my experience—the life led by the inhabitants is of a very cosmopolitan character; there is no cohesion and no social instinct among the people. Where you get a great diversity of population, you get a want of trust and confidence among the various elements of it, and where you have a want of trust you have a want of power to combine, without which, of course, there can be no co-operative element. The Rochdale system in a few words is this: A number of workingmen club together and start a store, at which they can purchase what they require in the way of food and clothing and household requisites. They appoint a manager, and then whatever profit is made out of the business they divide among themselves, and those who may afterward join the society."

"Do you agree with Mr. Hawkins," I asked, "that the causes of failure in London are bad management, internal dissensions, want of confidence and robbery?"

"Yes, I should say much of the failure would be accounted for under those heads."

"But," I suggested, "surely bad management and robbery would, to a large extent, account for the want of confidence?"

"No, I should say that nine-tenths of the failures are due to want of confidence and internal dissensions, which I should lump together, and only one-tenth is due to bad management and robbery."

"Mr. Holyoake," I remarked, "does not agree that the Rochdale system has been a failure in London."

"Well, I don't want to say a word against Mr. Holyoake. He is one of the best fellows in the world. But the fact of it is, to put it mildly, when he's dealing with anything in which the Wholesale Society is concerned he is apt to take an unsympathetic view. The Rochdale system has never had anything but a fleeting existence in London. In some parts the movement is stronger now than it was some years ago. The Society of Woolwich, where the congress was held, has been a grand success, and they are now doing a trade approaching £4,000 per week. Stratford, on the other side of the river, is doing £3,000 a week, and it is still going ahead very well, indeed. The Battersea Society is also in a very good position, but those are landmarks, which stand out entirely, owing to local circumstances. In the case of Woolwich you have the arsenal, at which thousands of men are employed; at Stratford there are the Great Eastern Railway works, and at Battersea there are Price's candle works, where hundreds of men are employed. These industries are the backbone of the Co-operative Society in their respective districts. Then there are a considerable number of small societies in other parts of London. During the last twenty years, I should say, the number has remained about the same; some have died out and others have come into existence; but apart from the three I have mentioned, I should say, the London societies stand pretty much where they did twenty years ago. Altogether, I suppose, there are about a score of co-operative societies in London, each doing on an average a trade of between £60 and £70 a week.

"In what way?" I asked. "Do you propose to modify the Rochdale system so as to make it applicable to London?"

"Well," Mr. Openshaw replied, "we hope to do something with the People's Co-operative Society, which you will observe was mentioned by Mr. Hawkins. This society differs from the Rochdale Society in this respect, viz: Instead of being self-dependent every branch is under direct control of a Committee of Management, consisting of the representatives of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, and the Co-operative Union. We endeavor to ascertain whether in any particular district there is a desire to have a branch of this society opened, and where such a desire does exist we form a local committee, and the branch is opened under the direct control of the Central Board, which takes upon itself all the financial responsibility. The movement has only been in existence about two years. Six branches have been opened, and they are now doing an average trade of about £50 a week. We are about to establish several other branches, and in course of time we hope to have them all over London. The idea has caught on fairly well and it is very likely that before this year is out there will be quite another half dozen branches added to the list. Mr. Holyoake's objection to these branches is that they will be so many 'tied houses.' The difference is this: A house once 'tied' is a tied house forever, and the longer the connection the tighter the tie. But in the case of these societies, as soon as they are strong enough to do without the assistance of the Central authority, they can, if they so desire, dispense with the Central control. We hope to guide them into a knowledge of the better way, which is based on self-reliance, and when they have learned the better way we give them freedom to support themselves and work out their own salvation."

"In that case they would revert to the Rochdale system which you admit is not applicable to London?"

"Yes, but we hope the experience they will have gained will enable them to avoid the errors which have led to failure in the past. But mind you it is quite optional with them whether they dispense with the Central control or not. For my own part, I am inclined to think that for the bulk of London the principle of Central control is the most suitable. A large organization commands greater respect and greater confidence than a small one."

JULIAN RALPH.

The Queer Folk that Haunt Studios.

It was in one of the big studio buildings uptown that a party of pretty women sat around a tea table, talking about every subject under the sun. The host had just retired behind a friendly screen to wipe out a dusty teacup with a paint rag, which left a distinctly perceptible and highly pungent odor of turpentine on the china.

The room was as unconventionally attractive as studios generally are. There were rugs on the wall and floor; quaint bits of armor, in the shape of a sword or two and a shield; some decorative pots, of china and brass, stuck full of long, graceful grasses, with now and then an old, carved Venetian frame inclosing some strong, artistic sketch. Hung about were old etchings, a Kakamona or two and a bas relief, which, with toneful draperies, made harmonious spots of color here and there. A great divan across one side of the room was loaded down with soft, luxurious pillows, in many stuffs and tints, while easy chairs put a premium on laziness.

Never having invaded the workshop of a painter before, the pretty girl was quite bowled over by the new experience. "Do," she said to her host, "tell us of some of your experiences." The life here seemed different to her, and out of the ordinary, while the conversation was so far removed from the talk she had heard at home, of exchanges, quotations, stocks and the dry routine of commerce. The music seemed to fit in, and the chat about writers, books and prominent people was a revelation. What a delightful existence, she thought.

"Well," said the painter, with a smile, "an artist's life is not all skittles and beer, by any means; nor is it always our privilege to have a party of attractive women about us. We have some queer visitors at times. It was only last week," he continued, "that I had a curious caller. It was late in the afternoon, and I was just scraping my palette, when a somewhat seedy looking man came to my door. He was much the worse for wear, and one of his eyes was a dark gray and black.

'Are you the artist?' he asked, politely, if somewhat unsteadily. I acknowledged the soft impeachment. 'I should like,' he said, 'to get you to paint up this eye of mine.' I could scarcely repress a smile. He was well dressed, however, and looked very prosperous. 'Well,' I said, 'I don't give much attention to that branch of the business, but if I did this for you it would cost you $25.' His answer was to pull a fat roll of bills out of his pocket and count out the money."

"And you painted it?" asked the pretty girl.

"Well, I should say so," replied the artist, "and it was a rather interesting experience, too. Of course," he continued, "we have a steady stream of people at our doors—models, book agents and men with all sorts of patent devices in the way of easels, paints and tools. Some are amusing, but many of them are bores. Perhaps the most pathetic are the women, who sometimes call with pictures under their arms, old canvases that have been in the family for years, and which they are driven by poverty to try and sell. In most every case, with the rarest exception, these turn out to be copies, and poor ones at that. It is difficult to know what to do with the owners. If you offer a modest assistance it is generally spurned. When you tell them the true worthlessness of their much prized 'old master,' they become indignant.

"An exasperating visitor is the well-dressed woman who wants you to call at her house and appraise a family heirloom, "a genuine Rubens, sir, for which my grandfather was offered thousands of dollars some years ago.' If you give up your valuable time to go, it is only to see at a glance some palpably poor copy, or imitation; if you tell the truth, you are held up to fine scorn. If you say pleasant things to avoid a row, you are quoted and get the reputation as a poor judge of pictures. Never, of course, do these people think of offering to pay you for your time.

"The proud parent, with the talented hopeful and a portfolio of drawings is a regular visitor. We should really miss him. The lad generally takes to snow scenes, as slightly easier, and we have to go religiously through his work while papa sits patronizingly by. And what can one say? If the child has a desire and will work, that is all there is to it, until he has demonstrated his capacity, or otherwise. No boy of twelve or fourteen, with the rarest exception, gives evidence of more than a desire to draw. Youthful prodigies are few and far between and by eighteen they may be quite out of the notion of an art career."

"Now tell me," said the pretty girl, hesitating somewhat, "do you really ever grow sentimental over your models?"

"Of course," replied the painter, with a laugh. "I knew you'd come to that, sooner or later. The Trilbys are few and far between, and belong mostly to the student or salad days. And in point of fact, their talk to the well bred man is a thorn in the flesh, their grammar a constant irritation and their notion of things so thoroughly out of touch with the man of culture, that they wind up by boring him. Besides, if you've a picture in hand, you have problems enough with which to occupy your mind, and a model who can impose upon a painter and do more or less as she pleases has lost the very first qualification for posing. I have known a few, a very few men, who have married models, but the result has been social ostracism, as a general rule. I know two or three such affairs that have turned out well enough, though I always think the fellows would have done better to have married in their own set.

"Du Maurier is responsible for a good deal of sentimental rubbish about the devotion and fidelity of the model. As a rule, they come from a class that does not appreciate the more delicate and refined things of life, and marriage with them is not calculated to pull a man up very high, morally or socially. Little Billie would have been very miserable if he had obtained the object of his desires, while Miss O'Ferrell, settled down to the humdrum of married life, the routine of housekeeping and the care of a family, would have gone wild with ennui, eloping with the first art student she could find who would be idiot enough to run away with her.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

Was the Boss Too "Easy?"

[Chicago Chronicle.]

Warner Miller "fell outside the breastworks" in 1888 and was permitted to lie there until Platt picked him up and helped him to come inside again, with a prominent front place on the walls overlooking the field. As soon as he thought he was firmly established in his place of vantage he tried to throw Platt to the outside and they are now in a hand to hand struggle to see which shall go and which shall stay. Platt is called the "easy boss," and in this case appears to have been the victim of a clear confidence game.

The Subject of Medals.

[Philadelphia Call.]

It was Tom Platt who observed in that husky stage whisper that he failed to see any medals on Hanna.

The Late Frank Mayo: An Appreciative Estimate.

Some Frenchman has said that to be a great man and a great actor at the same time is not possible. But there have been many actors who, if not entirely great, were wholly admirable. Frank Mayo, who has just passed away, appears to have belonged to this class. His sudden death has moved with melancholy stroke more bells of earnest sorrow deep down in human hearts than we shall ever count. As a man he was widely loved. Now that he is gone perhaps this is a nobler eulogium than the praise of critics.

He belonged to a romantic period of our drama, that is now closing out, not in the storms of renaissance, but in the drought of realism. He in a long career played all the stock roles of Shakespeare, but we remember him for Badger and Davy Crockett, not for Macbeth or Nordeck. From the one play of "Davy Crockett" he made over a hundred thousand dollars. When he outgrew that play he impoverished himself trying to make the public accept him as Macbeth and in kindred roles. A man of indomitable convictions and a somewhat undisciplined mind, he fought adversity with a heroic purpose, and never compromised even with public opinion. He insisted that "Nordeck" was a great play. The fact that the public did not agree with him did not, until he was helpless, alter his determination. But it bled him.

"Nordeck" is buried deep in the disappointments of the theatre, but there are scores of men and women on the stage yet who remember it with the pleasantest associations, just as there are white-whiskered men who recall Badger and Davy Crockett with a warm thrill and linger over playbills with the name of Frank Chanfrau upon them and tell earnest stories about Ned Adams, who carried Murcutio to the cemetery with him. In Mayo's case the man always shone through the actor, equally gracious and majestic. His own life was touched with an enduring romance, that began when he was young and stayed unimpaired and unsullied till he was old. That life on its real side was sweetly and dutifully untheatric and delightfully uneventful, borrowing none of the fevers and surprises of life on its paraded side, so that those who got to know Frank Mayo generally managed to disagree with his opinions and preserve a fine old-time respect for his character. He played Davy Crockett 3,500 times. The country liked it. New York would never have it. It was produced about the time that Daly was introducing the French drama of costume and cut glass. The metropolis had lost all relish for the romantic border hero, and was whetting its appetite for the Armonds. George Rowe tried to make us like Leather Stocking in vain, and Ichabod Crane went begging. But this crude and simple little romance of Davy Crockett, built upon the legend of young Lochinvar, caught hold of the unsophisticated men and women outside of New York, and, as is usually the case with such dramas, Mr. Mayo played it into a significance and perfection that its author never dreamed of. His was a personal charm that improved with age, and he grew to be in his prime one of the handsomest of the actors left over from another era. I saw him one night come down the centre aisle of the Metropolitan Opera House, with his beautiful daughter on his arm, and instantly every lorgnette in the house was fixed upon them. Such is the magnetism of physical beauty.

Those who were associated with him in his ventures will tell you that a great deal of this charm was behind physical beauty, and shone through it, as a great, generous, impulsive heart always will. When he was preparing "Nordeck" he took the greater part of his company to his romantic home in the Pennsylvania mountains, at Canton—a bevy of long-limbed girls, of which Kathryn Kidder was the Ariadne and Alice Fischer the Diana—and there these guests rehearsed in the barn and made their "trails" on the sweet hay, and went trooping off like buskined nymphs, indeed, to curds and mountain berries when the dinner bell rang. Around it all there fluttered the young Eleanor, pinafored, but winged with a childish beauty almost ideal, that was afterward to carry her like a dream through the ranks of light opera.

The story of "Nordeck," thus blithesomely begun, ran into the tollsome pathos of slow failure. No one will ever know how heavily it was freighted with hopes for that little family in the mountains. No one can now look into the great, silent heart of Frank Mayo and read the disappointments and detect the scars of defeat.

When he came to "Puddin' Head Wilson" he had turned the heights of ambition and was a little tired. In talking with him I detected the reminiscent tendency and the desire for rest. But he made a manly struggle, and those who saw the play will acknowledge that in it he did the finest, bravest and sweetest work of his life. If there was any mistake it was in supposing that the material was worthy of him. He began to die at the centre when "Puddin' Head Wilson" was launched. The big heart was overworked.

In looking back now over Frank Mayo's professional career I am amazed to discover how much work he did, and how little there is left to make an imperishable memorial. Somehow he missed being what he most desired to be, a recognized American Shakepearian actor. His Macbeth was honest, intellectual and incorrigible. So persistent was he in his convictions that his advisers called him a crank. He disdained the commercial methods. He would not heed to the popular demand, and he had to withdraw from the fight. But he always came out unsuspected and unsullied with his "beaver up."

Mr. Mayo was a remarkable example of the man dominating the actor with the people. He was admired for what he was oftener and longer than for what he did. What is now known in theatre slang as "personal charm"—the fitness of form and feature to a popular ideal—had a great deal to do with it. It would be difficult to recall anybody with such a chivalrous air of heroism as he wore in the "Three Guardsmen." Nobody can quite get the vital, out door swing of his Davy Crockett. He couldn't help being picturesque and handsome. There was that in his physical make-up that was indicative of a large, generous, affectional nature. You associated it instinctively with an unconscious nobility and dignity of character that overlooked little grievances and the petty spites of the profession.

That is the tribute now that we offer to his memory. He contributed one small American play to the stock. It was not much in an intellectual sense. But it was sweet, clean, simple and stimulative to the average imagination—a "wee daisy" in the great garden—but the ploughshare of criticism can rest in the furrow a moment while the passing toiler drops it the few words that nature's own cunning handiwork is always entitled to.

NYM CRINKLE.